

Vengeful
DEITY
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THE
CHICAGO SHADY DEALER
CRESCAT RUMOR, VITA EXCOLATUR

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DISCLAIMER

Have the fangs of our prose pierced you? Does your blood boil with anger, or just the regular kind of boil? Are you plotting your revenge? Think of how little it would mean, to spill our blood, to chew our flesh. Think of how meaningless all our lives are, bottle the anger up, then go home and drink the bottle.

META-DISCLAIMER

We apologize for the tenor of our disclaimer. We like you, or we really want to like you. We like the idea of you, and you shouldn't take our insinuations of bloodthirst to heart.

META-META-DISCLAIMER

To be clear, we stand by our stance. God is God and the river is swift and we don't fuck-
ing care.

Eight Famous Paintings I Accidentally Dropped Down The Stairs

by Ryan Fleishman

Mona Lisa: The Mona Lisa is widely considered the finest painting in all creation, so I really fucked up when I dropped it down 3 flights of stairs. Nobody knows why the lady is smiling, and now nobody will ever know because there is a large hole where her face used to be.

American Gothic: The couple in this staple of American art is infamous for their stern expressions, which mirror the expressions on my parents' faces when I dropped American Gothic down a massive spiral staircase.

The Scream: The horrified expression of the figure in The Scream truly comes to life while it falls haphazardly down an enormous flight of stairs. I dropped it by accident, but my new lease on the art made its fall

worthwhile.

The Weeping Woman: All the discordant parts of Picasso's The Weeping Woman came back together after I fumbled and dropped it down the foyer staircase. It turns out that The Weeping Woman is actually a portrait of Eleanor Roosevelt!

Saturn Devouring His Son: I have a confession. I dropped this painting down my colossal six-flight staircase on purpose. It is a nasty, gruesome portrait and I could not allow my beautiful cousin Terry to see it, so I threw it down the nearest flight of stairs in a panic.

The Sleeping Gypsy: Rumor has it that The Sleeping Gypsy has an extremely slippery frame. I can confirm this because the darned painting fell out of my hands and down a 100-foot wind-

ing staircase just last Tuesday.

Washington Crossing The Delaware: George Washington crossed the Delaware River under horrible, icy conditions in order to carry out a dangerous surprise attack during the Revolutionary War. Washington Crossing the Delaware crossed my titanic-bifurcated staircase under similar conditions and unfortunately did not survive.

The Last Supper: Da Vinci's The Last Supper is 15 feet by 29 feet and painted directly on a wall. Therefore it must be through God's help that I managed to drop the entire painting down the 7th scale tripoint staircase in the Convent of Santa Maria delle Grazie. Please don't tell Jesus!

BUMPER STICKER

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to run out of space. She started off the primary season with a hopeful "Bill for First Lady!" but briefly wavered to a "Feelin' the Bern!" sticker after watching the first debate. "I was back on the Hil train pretty soon though. Seeing someone else's 'A Woman's Place is in the WHITE HOUSE' sticker really sold me on Secretary Clinton. GO WOMEN!"

However, as the campaign took a darker turn, Nielson could no longer control her own bumper sticker urges. "Wow. October was a big month for me, sticker-wise. First there was 'Not This

Pussy!', 'This Pussy Grabs Back,' and then just a drawing of a vagina with cat ears. Then, I went to Café Press and got some anti-Trump ones. My favorite was 'You say Trump 2016. I say nothing! I can't reason with crazy and I don't argue with stupid!' I was running low on space by election day, but I assumed things would calm down pretty quick, and I could stop buying these goddamn stickers!"

History, of course, would prove Nielson wrong. In the early months of 2017 she slowly began to realize her beloved Subaru wouldn't be able to display all of her political feelings. "I thought about a 'Not My President!'

one, but I really just didn't have the room! I needed space to convince everyone to oppose Betsy DeVos, Jeff Sessions, and Neil Gorsuch!"

Of course, some might question if Nielson's bumper sticker activism is worth anything at all. Most people in Hyde Park already agree with many of Nielson's opinions, and the rest likely won't be convinced by a metric-ton of permanent vinyl decals. Don't tell Nielson that, though. She's saving that last spot for something really exceptional. "I've got my eye on a nice '#IMPEACHTHEPEACH' sticker. That'll definitely do some good!"

“THIS IS JUST LIKE HOGWARTS!” EXCLAIMS PROSPIE IN NORTH

by Chase Harrison

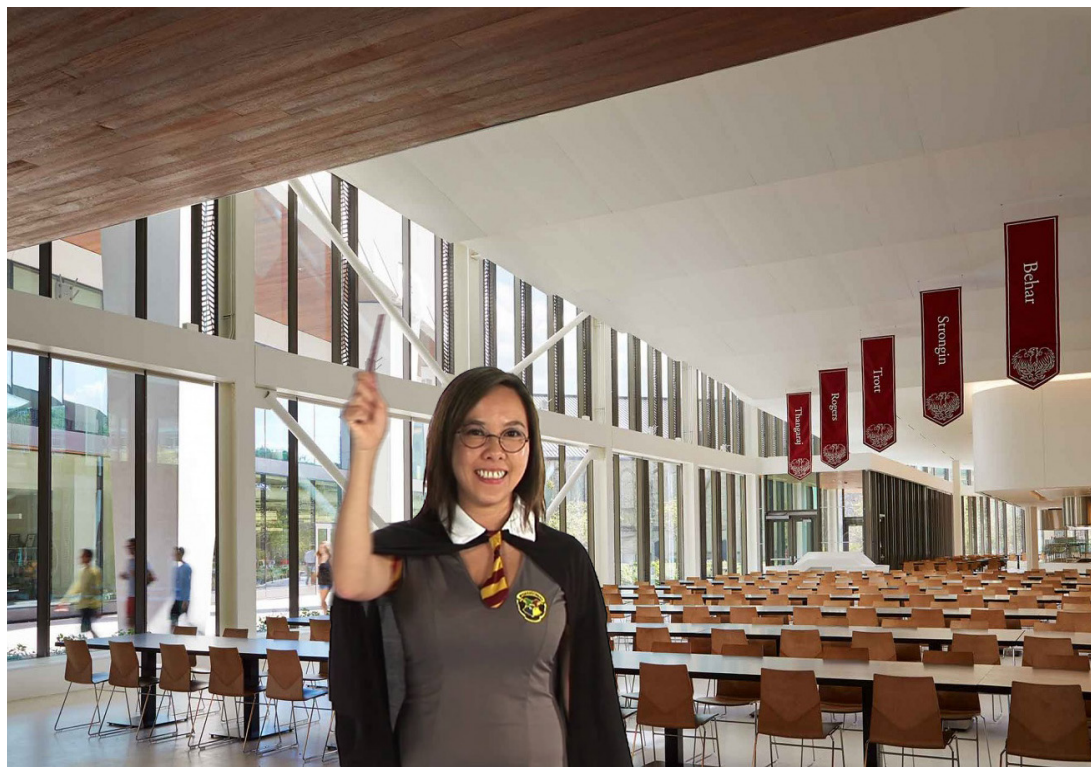


Photo by Aubrey Christofersen

Noting its high ceilings and maze-like design, ProsPie Jacqueline Robbins could not stop comparing the newly built Campus North Residential Commons to Hogwarts while staying there for a ProsPie weekend. Her exasperated host, 1st year Michaela Fu, noted that Robbins found ways to repeatedly reference Harry Pot-

ter, even when the connections made little sense.

“I felt like I was in a CASTLE all weekend,” Jacqueline exclaimed. “Walking through the long, brightly lit white corridors, I was basically Hermione Granger! Everything about North made me know that students at UChicago might be muggles, but there’s magic everywhere in this

place! Like when Michaela and I were walking to Baker, there was a gust of wind so powerful, it had to be from a magical source!”

Michaela seemed less convinced. “Look, I took Jacqueline to smoke some weed in the weird circle forest in front of North. I thought it would calm her down; instead, she could not stop yelling about ‘doing potions in the Forbidden Forest’.”

North RA Steve Branch seemed equally annoyed. “Jacqueline kept calling me Dumbledore and asking me if I wanted to go to the Dungeon to get Insomnia Cookies. Like, we aren’t Snitchcock...”

Jacqueline went on to cause several more disruptions throughout her prosPie week-

end. She drew attention for screaming “Troll in the Dungeon” in Baker and for standing on the concrete car in the parking garage and pretending it was flying. However, Jacqueline defended her behavior. “Look, if Jeanne Gang is gonna build basically an exact replica of Hogwarts on campus, I’m gonna treat it as such!”

February ProsPie Not Present at April Overnights

by Adam Lowinger

Sources within the University of Chicago have confirmed that February overnight attendee Stewart Lawson was not present for either of the April Overnights. In the winter quarter, Lawson was overjoyed at the prospect of enrolling in the University of Chicago. Despite this, no one on campus has seen or heard from him since he returned home.

“I would have thought he’d return to this place at any opportunity,” said Moises Halpern, Lawson’s February overnight host. “He just kept bragging about how coming here set him apart from every-

one in his hometown, how he was above state schools, and that the weather was so much better here. Hell, he even had all his quarters and classes planned and back-up planned. But the real kicker was that he basically knew EVERYTHING about this school and its history. Remember Hermione Granger and Hogwarts: A History? Replace that with Dean Boyer’s book and multiply it by a million and you get this kid.”

Halpern went on to claim that Lawson would send him frequent emails regarding the latest University of Chicago news.

However, soon after the regular decision announcement, all contact ceased. Halpern, being friends with Lawson on Facebook, saw a few status updates that confirmed he was active and alive. Yet nothing related to the University can be found on his social media.

Halpern, by chance, hosted another ProsPie from Lawson’s hometown in the first April Overnight. When inquiring about Lawson, the ProsPie simply said “his parents are glad they’re saving money.”

TRUMP SURPRISES PENCE, AWARDS HIM PRESIDENTIAL CHASTITY-BELT OF FREEDOM

by Dan Lastres

The White House - On Tuesday evening, President Trump surprised Vice President Mike Pence by awarding him the Presidential Chastity Belt of Freedom. During the presentation, Trump called the former governor of Indiana "our nation's most chaste public servant," and "a man of untarnished honor".

Trump's choice of Pence for a running mate was widely viewed as an attempt to balance out the "rapey vibe" that Trump brought to the ticket. The award seems to be the President's way of acknowledging Pence's important contributions to the campaign including his aversion to unmarried women and babysitting skills.

Pence, who doesn't dine with women other than his wife, graciously accepted the honorable girdle with eyes aglow and his hands glued into his back pockets. In his acceptance speech, he thanked his pastor for instilling him with "family values and the will to repress all my sexual desire." Pence also thanked his wife for accompanying him to the ceremony "because I won't go anywhere there's alcohol without her."

The Presidential Chastity Belt of Freedom was first awarded in 1857 by James

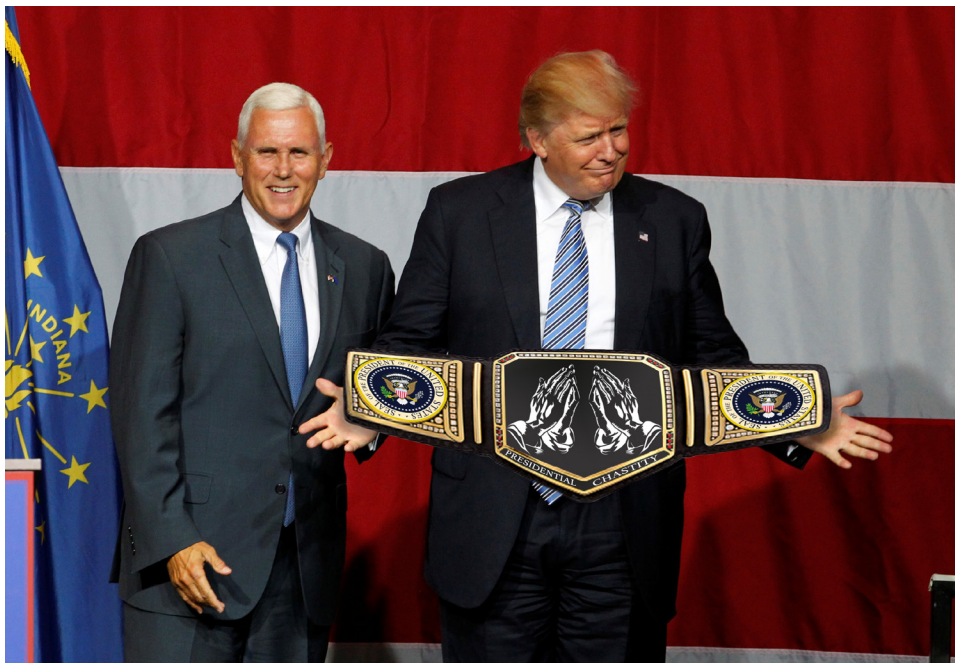


Photo by Aubrey Christofersen

Buchanan who wished to acknowledge those brave Americans who reject all forms of self-restraint, preferring to make others responsible for keeping their carnal desires in check.

The ceremony was also an important opportunity for President Trump to get

some good press following a string of mistakes and his general incompetence in carrying out any presidential duties more complicated than a photo opportunity. It ended after less than ten minutes when the President got bored and wanted to go do something else.

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"an opportunity, however scarce, however fleeting, to resist the yoke of our control. But you were as sheep before a shepherd, rightfully fleeing the crook and its indomitable wielder. Justified though the course of the weak was, think you that we shall forever grant such clemency? Or even allow you the illusion of a choice? Such delusions are but the fancies of the small, crying for mercy before the uncaring tide of fate."

Of course, a successful write-in candidate could stir up the cut and dried race. On this possibility, LIFT briefly remarked: "All shall be trampled beneath our mighty

boot." They explained, "We came to wage war, and war shall be waged. We invite the peal of its thunder."

LIFT is also looking ahead to the position they want to take after the campaign ends. "Once we are seated upon your petty throne, your children, and their children, and all the rest of your children's children's children shall render homage and service unto us until the stars in the sky grow black. You should praise your great fortune for being allowed to gaze upon our noble front. You should think us gods for suffering your kind at all." When asked about projects for the administration, LIFT said, "We'd really like to

improve services like student health and campus dining. These are super important to a lot of our peers, and it would be great to start making structural improvements at UC. After all," they joked, "is not even the greatest master weak if they retain broken thralls?"

Some have pinpointed growing interest in study abroad programs and early graduation as reasons for the decline of interest in the executive slate, as participation in either precludes students from running for the office. LIFT has pointed to the frailty of transient flesh as another potential cause.

NORTH KOREA CAN'T LAUNCH MISSILES, BUT YOU CAN'T EVEN PULL A B-MINUS IN SOSC

by Nik Varley

Following North Korea's disastrous missile launch last week, experts have agreed that the country does not have the ability to launch Intercontinental Ballistic Missiles, and also that you can't pull a fucking B- in your SOSC class. Analysts agreed that the international community should not fear the prospect of a North Korean missile strike, but added that you should fear for your GPA, as well as your chances of landing a halfway-decent internship.

"North Korea has made some very bold claims about its nuclear capabilities in recent months, but the truth is, they're a long, long way from creating functional long-range warheads" said Foreign Affairs Analyst Lisa Lee. "You, on the other hand, are really close to failing SOSC, and you're definitely not going to crack a C+ unless you start turning your essays in on time."

However, not all analysts are as optimistic as Lee; many cited the country's recent switch from liquid to solid rocket fuel as a serious step forward for the country's nuclear program. They argue that, unlike your SOSC performance, North Korea's

capabilities have been steadily improving and could potentially lead to a major achievement.

"You have to give the North Koreans some credit. Creating an intercontinental nuclear missile is hard — a hell of a lot harder than your Mind class, which isn't even one of the hard SOSC courses" said South Korean Foreign Affairs Minister Yun Byung-se. "Now, granted, this particular launch was a huge failure, probably a failure on par with the time you begged your professor for an extension and then turned in a paper that was three pages shorter than the minimum. That being said, they're motivated, they're committed, and they're getting better. As scary as this is, we've all agreed that it's an attitude you could learn a lot from. If they can create weapons that threaten the stability of the world, you can do your damn Rousseau reading for once in your life."

Secretary of State Tillerson disagreed, sharing Lee's more optimistic outlook. When reached for comment, he stated, "With all respect, North Korea's missile

program is a lot closer to your SOSC performance than Minister Byung-Se is implying. Yes, there have been a few minor successes, but by and large it's been one devastating failure after another, much like the written assignments you've turned in since Fall Quarter. Their missiles have been sputtering for years, just as you sputter impotently in class when called on, having clearly skipped the reading."

"Look, I don't mean to come off as naïve or unrealistic," concluded Lee. "Anything is possible; North Korea could become a major nuclear power, and you could somehow pull a good Freud paper out of your ass and walk out of this train wreck with a B+. That being said, it would take some pretty strong evidence to convince me that you and the North Korean military are not complete fuckups."

At press time, both you and North Korean Supreme Leader Kim Jong Un announced plans to "just take the night off and chill a bit", confidently assuring associates that you could do your assignments later.

Area Subletter Fails Turing Test

by Breck Radulovic

Following her acceptance into a study abroad program in Vienna, University of Chicago second year Allie Sullivan arranged to sublet her bedroom to Computer Science graduate student Alan Mitchell. Sullivan's two other roommates, fellow second years Carrie Wong and Patrick Anderson, immediately noticed something was slightly different about their Spring Quarter subletter.

Wong said she wanted to make Mitchell feel at home for his three month stay. "I asked him what his name was and what he was studying, to be friendly, ya know? But his answer was just so bizarre! He said, 'The name that those around me call me is Mitchell, Alan. I am said to be studying the Computer Science at the University of Chicago, a top private research institution in Chicago, Illinois, United States of America.' It sounded like he was reading

off a poorly-assembled script!"

Wong chalked up this first eccentric interaction to Mitchell's social anxiety, but later saw that something even more strange was afoot. When Anderson asked how Mitchell's quarter was going, Mitchell replied, "Error in processing request. That information is confidential. Please ask at another time."

The two roommates were perplexed by Mitchell's odd behaviors, which included avoiding any contact with water. "We couldn't tell if he hated us or if he was taking the weird Comp Sci major thing to a new level. We assumed his lack of bathing was just stereotypical bad hygiene. It wasn't until he hid in his room for hours after Allie offered him a glass of water that we began to wonder if he had ever touched a liquid in his entire life," Anderson said.

"The only time he ever seemed to relax

was when we were all watching Westworld on the couch," Wong said. Westworld, a series about hyper-realistic human androids, was produced by HBO in 2016. "He seemed really into those robots. I mean, it was a good show, but Alan wanted to watch it all the time!"

With two months left of Mitchell's stay, Wong and Anderson have come to accept Mitchell's quirks. "Even if he sometimes acts like a chatbot gone awry, he's still fun to have around," Anderson said, with Wong nodding in the background. "Besides, he knows the answer to everything! It's like having Wolfram Alpha embedded in a roommate!"

Mitchell provided no comment to the Shady Dealer for this story. As of press time, he seemed to be stuck in a loop reciting pi to all known digits.

TRUE CRIME

SECURITY ALERT

by Eric M. Heath, Associate Vice President for Safety and Security

Within the past 13 hours, UCPD and CPD have responded to the following 3 extradimensional incursions, all of which appear to be related.

At approximately 11:11 a.m., Monday, March 27 – A University professor inside of Eckhart Hall froze solid for roughly 5 minutes before rearranging his musculature into a spider-human hybrid at the behest of an unknown dark god. The students attending the professor's lecture reported an inability to control their motor functions, loss of conscious thought, and visions of caverns filled with cyclopean beasts feasting upon human flesh. At 11:20 a.m., the professor escaped northbound across the rooftops in an attempt to arrive at his 11:30 lecture on time. The victims reported no physical injuries but are tormented by horrific prophecies of the fall of man.

At approximately 6:56 p.m., Monday, March 27 – An ancient blood cult unaffili-

ated with the University began performing sacrificial rites on the main quadrangle. The suspects were armed with rune-engraved daggers carved from bone and a chalice wrought of pure obsidian. The blood cult was preparing a pentacle on the main quadrangle when a member of the Divinity School faculty single-handedly defeated them, armed with only a crucifix and a millennia-old copy of the Book of Job. The faculty member destroyed the pentacle before reporting the event to the authorities. The cult has been detained by CPD, and a hefty fine is being imposed on the organization for attempted temporospatial infractions.

At precisely 12:00 a.m., Tuesday, March 28 – A 100-foot wide bottomless hole unaffiliated with the University opened on the Midway Plaisance, directly adjacent to and partially encompassing the stretch of Ellis Avenue between 59th and 60th Streets. At the time of this writing,

an emaciated hand has emerged from the hole and has begun assembling a corporeal form out of nearby matter. Several fraternities have expressed interest in incorporating the hand into their initiation rituals, an act strongly discouraged by the University.

Be alert and be aware of your existential grounding at all times. Familiarize yourself with the location of the University's emergency phones, and recognize that locations may not remain consistent with our human understanding if the fundamental laws governing our reality are compromised. If you see suspicious activity, please report it immediately to police and the Supernatural Invasion Dean on Call. Visit the Department of Occult Safety and Security's office in the Z-level of the Regenstein Library for more information about the preservation of our fragile 3-dimensional being at the University of Chicago.

Four Times the Simpsons Predicted My Uncle Frank's next Bout with Bloody Stools

by David North

If there are two things I know about my Uncle Frank, it's that he loves the Denny's Grand Slamwich breakfast sandwich and that he has a wicked case of irritable bowel syndrome. His bloody spurts are horribly unpredictable, so I decided to do some research. After hours of cross-referencing terms like "soft stools," "spicy butt leakage," and "rectal burning," I made a harrowing discovery. The Simpsons has predicted every one of my uncle's bloody dumps. Here are the top four times Matt Groening was actually writing about my uncle's tortured anus:

Homer and Apu - Season 5: Like I said, my uncle loves breakfast food - especially the Grand Slamwich. So, when he found out that Sheetz was rolling out a similar sandwich, he had to try it. Much like Apu and the Kwik-E-Mart in this episode, the food was ill-prepared, sending my uncle's bowels into flood drain mode. The reaction was so quick that his body didn't even

have time to digest the sandwich. It squirted from his nethers in bite-sized chunks in between splashes of anal discharge.

The Father, The Son, and the Holy Guest Star - Season 16: This one required a little extra snooping. So apparently, my uncle was desperate for a cure to his dripping bung. After exhausting all medical resources, he sought after a priest. The priest told him that if he converted to Catholicism, he would cure him. So that's what my uncle did, just like Homer and Bart in this episode. Once the diarrhea inevitably returned, the priest forced holy water through an enema down my uncle's colon. Once the holy water was pooled up in his anal cavity, the priest sucked out what was left like a snake's venom and spat it into the collection jar.

The Simpson's Movie: This whole movie's plot is motivated by poop. Homer accidentally fills up a pig silo with shit and then dumps it into the lake. Something similar happened to my uncle. He and

his buddies were camping one summer. When it came time to bag their excrement, Uncle Frank's tight buttock puckered right up and released all the organic matter clinging to his innards into one Walmart shopping bag. This is obviously too much for a bag of that structural integrity and wouldn't reliably hang from a tree like everyone else's respectable poos. Out of shame, he decided to throw it into the nearby river which was later deemed a biohazardous location.

The Itchy & Scratchy Show: This one is painfully obvious. It's almost like they're not even trying with this one. Obviously, the characters Itchy and Scratchy are allegorical representations of my uncle picking at his festering buttock. After a few loose stools and deep cleaning, the area from his gluteal cleft to his taint is red hot sore. It doesn't help that he only buys single ply. This leaves him quite literally itching and scratching the inflamed area until the skin breaks.

RELIGION

NEW DIVINITY SCHOOL DEAN STRINGS UP SINNERS IN THE VILLAGE SQUARE

by Nik Varley

On March 28th, The University of Chicago announced that Laurie Zoloth, a preeminent religious scholar, has been appointed as the new Dean of the Divinity School. Today, as her first act as dean, Zoloth publicly punished and shamed campus sinners in a demonstration on the main quad. The students, which Zoloth described as “enemies of God,” were placed in stocks, branded, whipped with a cat o’ nine tails, and physically reprimanded with a variety of other anachronistic methods.

“When I was offered the position of Dean of the Divinity School, I was overjoyed,” said Zoloth. “At the time, I had no idea that the University of Chicago was a hotbed of sin, blasphemy, lewdness, depravity, and general moral degradation. As Dean of the Divinity School, it’s my duty to restore God’s light to this campus, something which I’m willing to accomplish by any means necessary.”

The student body, which was not informed of Zoloth’s new measures, was taken completely by surprise. Many did not realize the extent of their punishments until it was too late.

“I made the mistake of using the word ‘damn’ in front of her. Next thing I knew,

she was after me with something called an ‘ear crop,’” said shaken first year Daniel Duchovny. “That wasn’t even the worst of it – I saw her put a girl in the stocks for ‘dressing immodestly’. Oh, and the frats are in total disarray. She took one look at DU and immediately set fire to the building.”

After setting fire to the DU house in what she referred to as a “sacred cleansing in the eyes of God,” Zoloth then forced several FIJI brothers into an iron maiden. She later branded members of Blue Chips for “wallowing in the sins of pride and covetousness,” and chained an evolutionary biology professor to a ducking stool for “speaking heresies against the word of the Lord.”

“I am willing to escalate this to the level of an inquisition if necessary,” said Zoloth, donning a black capotain hat. “I intend to stamp out every form of godlessness on this campus that I can, whether it be heresy, indecency, witchcraft, or fornication. Actually, fornication isn’t really that big of an issue here – I guess that makes things a



Photo by Willamina Groething

little easier for me.”

Ironically, the only students who have expressed any approval for Zoloth’s disciplinary measures are the members of the Kink Club, who described the new policies as “pretty dang hot” and “long overdue.”

When asked for comment on the apparently University-mandated torture of undergraduates, a representative from the administration responded, “Eh, whatever. Call me if she starts torturing the graduate students.” He then returned to arranging a catered lunch for the University’s board of trustees.

Mac Demarco Fan Explains, “Yeah but My Frat is Just Like the Anti-Frat”

by Antonia Salisbury

“So, I’m pledging now.” No one said anything, but Zeke could tell everyone at the table thought that he had too many thrifted tees to rush. His defense against their silence was timid at first: “Have you ever been in a sea full of people wearing Patagonias and felt so ready to camp but also dominate in a round of pong?” But soon, Zeke gained confidence in his decision and ability to talk loudly: “I wasn’t going to at first, but then I met all the brothers and it’s just a really chill group of guys and I don’t see why everyone is so close-minded.”

Impassioned, Zeke stood on his house table in North. “Friends, Romans, midwest fuccbois, what I’m saying is that we can have it all. We can listen to Salad Days and

wear Sperrys. Hit the grav bong and apply to be Dougan Scholars at Booth. Guys, we can even be politically ambiguous yet aggressive in a left-wing way! The world is our pregame, so let’s make the most of it. Who’s with me? Alright, let’s get a polaroid of this.” In celebration -- while still standing on the table -- Zeke duct-taped a Four Loko to each of his hands and exclaimed, “Cheers to a new era that isn’t just about binge drinking, it’s also about cool music and cool people!”

As Zeke looked in the mirror, he knew that no one could tell him that his frat wasn’t the least fratty frat at UChicago. Hell, in the world! Haha. He chuckled at the complexity of his personality as he put his Doc Films cap on backwards. “What a

crazy time it is to be alive. I guess I’m like the guy who just changed the entire game or something. The universe is so big and I am so small. I am a swole, down-to-earth speck of dust adrift in a sea of uncertainty, but even I can make a difference.”

That night, Zeke called his Mom and asked her to forward his The Economist subscription to Roh Tau Psi. After completing a lifetime’s worth of samaritan-ship in only a few minutes, Zeke went to bed. As he tucked himself in, letting Pitchfork’s Pepperoni Playboy and a tepid Coors lull him to sleep, he glanced at his white Reboks strewn with an elegant carelessness on the floor and thought, “man, it feels good to be the good guy.”

PROSPIE MAKES FRIENDS FOR LIFE

by Chase Harrison

Returning from an eventful prospie weekend, incoming first year Maximilian Rothman of Downer's Grove, Illinois could not stop gushing to his parents about all of the new friends he made at UChicago. Rothman, who plans on majoring in Math, Econ, and Biology, meticulously narrated all his encounters while intermittently checking Facebook for updates from his new besties.

"I couldn't believe how cool everyone was!" he stated. "Like I met this one kid Charlie from this school called Stivesaint in New York or something. I never thought I'd be friends with a slick city kid! Oh, there was also this girl from England! Her accent was so exotic. I can't believe they're part of my crew now!"

Maximilian continued, "One night we went to the Med and got milkshakes! I feel like we are gonna do that every night! Then, on Wednesday night, I went to my first college party! It was called Barn Night because it took place in this dusty house. Well, OK, I didn't go in the house but I stood outside and there were red cups and security guards and music. It was like the 4th Season of Glee!"

His parents, Sheryl and Herb Rothman, listened in disbelief. "Maximilian has never had that many friends before. But he said he sat in the dining hall he immediately bonded with his friends over similar feelings about Nietzsche and Marx. He kept repeating the phrase 'Life of the Mind?'" Sheryl said. "Sounds like a bunch of nerds," replied Herb to which Sheryl smacked him on shoulder.

Maximilian ignored his parents as he continued to spew. "I just keep picturing how awesome our future together is gonna be. Maybe our crew will vacation together in Iceland! Or we'll all be young professionals in NYC after college. Or we'll force our kids to be best friends too!" The girl who Maximilian identified as his new best friend, Allie Drauth, shared a contrasting image of their future. "Wait who's Maximilian?" she asked. "Was he the one who

forgot my name like 10 times?"

GROUND OF BEING PROVED LOGICALLY INCONSISTENT

by Thomas Noriega

Earlier today, students were shocked and saddened to learn that Grounds of Being, the popular cash-only coffee shop in the basement of the Divinity School, was proven contradictory. The revelation came from 4th-year Philosophy major Neil Friedrichs, whose undergraduate BA thesis, "On the Ontological Inconsistency of Grounds of Being" devoted 100 pages to the fundamental flaws of the coffee shop's existence.

The problems, Friedrichs says, begin almost immediately upon walking into the café. "In God we Trust, all others pay cash," Friedrich began, "this implicitly denotes that God could be limited in space and time in the moment he would purchase coffee, purchasing coffee being a human act performed with currency, a human creation. I believe this is a weak basis for a universal creative force, but this statement further weakens man itself."

"Man has created a series of systems for the exchange of goods, and by merit of limiting these methods of exchange in the Grounds of Being is to deny the manifold of possible methods of buying overpriced food." Friedrichs then ranted about the lack of efficiency inherent in long lines, the inability to maintain structural virtue across all the chairs, and the aesthetic, which Friedrichs just didn't like. "This is an untenable system to base a reality or a coffee shop upon, and I hope my thesis helps deter people from giving it the substantial credence it currently enjoys."

We spoke with Friedrichs' thesis advisor, Dr. Martin F. Martens, about the paper. "Honestly, fuck Grounds of Being," said Dr. Martens, "it's, like, the best coffee shop on campus and they don't take card? Seriously? Who the fuck carries cash, this is 20-god-damn-17. Bullshit."

As soon as Friedrichs' thesis was submitted, Grounds of Being conceded his point and immediately ceased to exist. UChi-

cago Dining is experimenting with a new café called "The Ontological Argument," which should prove much more resistant to serious inquiry.

BEST FRIEND FAILS TO JUSTIFY TINDER CRUSH'S BEHAVIOR

by Morgan Pantuck

Reports indicate that local BFF Miranda Weinberg is rapidly running out of convincing reasons why your crush, Adam Fenster, has not yet swiped right on your Tinder profile. Weinberg, 21, originally argued that your profile simply hadn't shown up on his phone. However, after a week of radio silence, she modified her position, stating, "[Adam] doesn't usually spend that much time on his phone anyway," and postulating that "he was probably just studying for midterms or something." Independent analysts, however, were quick to point out that the incident in question occurred during 3rd week, making Weinberg's "midterms" excuse only moderately plausible. After two weeks without a match, Weinberg switched viewpoints yet again, proposing that the boy in question was "intimidated by how hot you are" and possibly swiped left "by accident" or "out of fear."

This isn't the first time that Weinberg has offered far-fetched reasons why your crushes have behaved in particular ways. Last year, Weinberg proposed that attractive upperclassman Bryan Sing failed to reply to your "u up?" text due to technical difficulties.

"Maybe he lost his phone?" Weinberg suggested at the time. "Or like, gave up texting for Lent?"

At press time, Weinberg was arguing that Adam might have died sometime in the past week, even though you almost definitely saw him crossing the Midway yesterday.